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collection of my notes and  
thoughts.

Elliot Rodger

JOURNAL



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# Writing Practice and Personal Notes

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4/5/2010

I would rather be oppressed by a powerful but fair government than be oppressed by an unfair society protected by a weak, democratic government.

4/21/2010

What awkward, perplexing times these are. My 19th birthday approaches and I am still stuck and confused. My 19th birthday! I can hardly believe it. Just 14 years ago I arrived in the United States as a carefree child full of life and happiness. Just 9 years ago I graduated from 5th grade with smiles and laughter. What went wrong? What went wrong?



I slipped and fell off the right path of life onto one of agonizing darkness. Or maybe I was shoved.

I never imagined my life would turn into one of such hopelessness. When I was a little child I was at peace, ignorant of what would befall me. I often look back on those times with longing these days. Sometimes I wish I could start over. But even so, could I really right my wrongs and avoid the cruelty of society? or would the same things happen, and I would face the same bleak alienation and loneliness?



I can remember the days of my early childhood better than most others, especially the day I arrived in the United States of America. I remember the big plane we rode in, the Virgin Atlantic I believe, though I didn't really care at that age. I would go to the window at the back and look down upon the beautiful white clouds covering the world with wonder.

I imagined myself running across them as if they were a landscape. At certain points I could faintly see the landscape beneath, hundreds of squares of farms and fields.

The plane ride was very long, but I was too excited to fall



asleep. When we landed I could see all the lights of LA out the window, which amazed me.

I got to catch up on my sleep on the ride home. As we got into the blue jeep my father rented, I was very tired and groggy from the journey, but I can remember that precise moment so vividly to this day. The image I envisioned from the back seat of the jeep as it pulled out of the airport parking lot is still fresh in my mind; the first step of my life in the US.

4/23/2010

~~Nothing~~ ~~Nothing~~ ~~Nothing~~ ~~Nothing~~



~~There is a great storm~~  
~~coming from the heart~~  
~~of the world~~  
~~and it is a great storm~~  
~~that is coming~~  
~~from the heart~~  
~~of the world~~  
~~and it is a great storm~~  
~~that is coming~~  
~~from the heart~~  
~~of the world~~  
All  
is quiet, but the horrible emotions  
roiling inside me clash and erupt  
like a great storm.

Like a storm damages land  
and forest, the storm of fury  
racks me with pain. And yet,  
and yet... with the power of  
my superior mind I quell the  
storm with dexterous focus. The  
storm of fury eases and is banished  
back down to the core of my  
heart. ~~The storm is~~ The storm is  
gone, but the scar remains, as they  
always do.



4/25/2010

The reality of human barbarism has been haunting me for several years now. The process of discovering these terrible truths has been slow and grueling; but now, as I've gathered much insight and knowledge through study and observation, I have come to understand humanity's current state, and my place in the world.

Now is the time to find a way to mend these problems with human nature.

6/19/2010

Yesterday I drove to Metro Hair Salon to get my hair cut. I had an appointment with



well as many of the characters.  
One of these characters is similar  
in almost all ways to myself.

6/19/2010

Summer is here and the  
temperature is scaldingly hot  
today. I cannot even open my  
window because the heat would  
permeate into my room. I must  
be wary every time I go outdoors,  
for the hot sun would surely  
affect my skin in an ~~un~~  
unpleasant way.

Summer. My 19th summer.  
My birthday is approximately  
one month away, ~~but~~ ~~but~~; this  
year has gone by too fast, and  
each year ~~it~~ seems to be passing



faster and faster, I fear.

Out of the 19 years that I've lived on this world, 5 have been a torment full of unfulfilled desires. I remember the start of this dreadful period of my life all too well. I never used to get along with girls very well, even as a child. They were always cold and bitchy towards me, and not one ever befriended me. Before I hit ~~the~~ puberty though, that wasn't much of a problem; but then the day came, the day my manhood would stir at the sight of a hot girl, the day I first started ~~fantasizing~~ ~~touching~~ touching myself late at night while fantasizing about making love. When all these



changes started occurring, I was completely at a loss.

I started to want girls. I started to yearn for companionship. I knew that couldn't be, though. I realized I could never be good enough for them, how heart-breaking that was. I would see young couples my age kissing and fondling each other in public, such a lovely display of affection! and I would feel confused, then ~~sad~~ and angry at the fact that I could never have such pleasure.

I could never have such beautiful, heavenly ~~pleasure~~ pleasure; ~~because I was~~ because I ~~was~~ just didn't measure up to other boys my age. I was the weakling,



the little runt, the weird kid. Boys always made fun of me and girls would tease me. That hurt the most. I felt so out of place, so lost, ~~se~~ separate from the rest of humanity. I hid in a virtual world and tried hard to forget about it, but the pain was always there. And that was only the beginning.

Such a lonely five years it has been, and I've grown ever more bitter and resentful.

6/24/2010

I've started attending this Summer History course at Moorpark College. Today is my third day, in fact. So far I am ~~is~~ not liking



it one bit; it's been the cause of my increasing emotional distress for the last three days, not like that's anything new.

Pain has been my life for the past few years, but what I've seen at this college has only fanned the flames. Couples, or lovers, have always angered me when I spot them in public, ~~but not at this college~~ but that is only once in a while, like when I go to the mall occasionally. At this college though, I see them ~~everywhere~~ everywhere! And when I walk past them and look at them, they seem to ~~notice~~ notice my envy and smile at me. It probably gives them pleasure, the foul beasts. It is so hurtful.



There is this one couple in particular that sits a few desks away from me in my History class. The girl is the hottest girl in the class, with ~~black hair~~ brown hair and a perfect body. The boy, of course, is a tall, muscular Jock with a buzz cut. They sit together every time, always talking and smiling at each other. I frequently glare at them with raw envy, and I think they took note of it too. They fill me with such rage, it even distracts me from the lecture at times.

Why can't I be that man? Why does he deserve it more than me? Why do I always have to stand at the side, lonely, watching







Fifteen males and five females.

Quite an unbalanced ratio in my opinion. There should be more females than males. Of course, all the males were the frisky, wild, confident type.

I saw a few black men among them. I thought one of the girls was quite pretty. She had blonde hair and lovely tanned ~~legs~~ legs.

Only a few times have I seen groups of young people partying at my apartment pool, and in all those times I became very enraged and jealous. ~~There were many~~

~~very young people who were very~~

~~the youngest and most beautiful~~

~~interesting at a birthday party~~

~~with many people, many people, and~~

~~very beautiful people. I~~



~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

I just checked the winning numbers for the Megamillions lottery and... no luck, not even one number matched. Well, I have my Superlotto ticket for tomorrow. I'll keep my fingers crossed for that.

I feel so terribly depressed right now. By my eminence!, it's so painful, ~~very~~ too painful. I can barely write properly. I've just been reading articles on the internet about becoming a writer. All these articles just put me down. They are full of negative defeatists talking about how hard it is to even make



a living as a writer! And everyone says that thousands of writers struggle to even get their books published. Only one in a million would get rich from writing a story! No, no, no! This is making me feel so hopeless. I have a brilliant story to write, but what if so many others have also tried to sell their brilliant stories and failed? How can I get rich from writing my story over so many unsuccessful authors who have so much more writing experience than me? This is a fucking nightmare! This is hell.

7/3/2010

This past week has been a very tough week emotionally.



A few days ago I went to visit my mother and sister, who were staying at my mother's friend's house for a night. I went there for a change of scenery, to try and ease the depression and anguish I was feeling beforehand over certain things I read about people on Facebook. The house is right on the beach in Malibu, and it's very beautiful, but it gives me an ominous feeling as well.

I do like it there very much. The area is very calm, and the view of the ocean is spectacular. The thing is though, is that it reminds me of a bitter experience I had back in November 2009, more than half a year ago.



I can remember it vividly.  
I was at that house and an old friend (who is no longer my friend) named Philip picked me up from there to hang out. He had that wretched scoundrel Addison with him. Philip was driving Addison around all the time, being his little pony. That's what Philip is, a little pony; a sad, pathetic person without any pride or ego who just lets others step all over him and he doesn't care. So that day Addison was going to a party with Malibu high school kids, horrible people, and ~~the~~ Philip was to drop him off. I was in the car with that foul prick as Philip drove him to the store to buy alcohol for his precious party and then to the



party itself. Addison Altendorf truly is a depraved, nasty creature. As he got out of the car to go ~~to~~ ~~the~~ he ~~just~~ gloats at me and calls me a loser. He didn't even have the decency to invite me and Philip to go with him. Philip, of course, didn't give a shit, but I will never forget what happened that day. How dare Addison slight me so!

I was enraged for the rest of that night, I recall. I realized that there was very little hope for me to be able to fit in with all the "hot" ~~the~~ people who live such happy lives. They would all think of me as a loser, such foul, horrible people they are. How can people who live in such heaven be so cruel? That



night I was so distraught that I had my first cigarette, and it wouldn't be my last. I didn't care what happened to my lungs; I felt so worthless and unwanted. When Philip dropped me back at that house, I walked down to the beach, looked out to the dark waves and starry sky, and contemplated my place in the world. When I was there a few days ago, I also looked out to the horizon in ominous brooding.

The rest of this week I've just been driving to this college class and back. I would just go into the class, sit in an uncomfortable chair for two hours, and listen to this lecture. Then I would ~~stop~~ leave and go home. While in the class I would



try not to pay attention to this couple that sits a few desks away from me. Dismal days indeed.

I've really been trying to push myself to work on my epic story, but it's damn hard to find the incentive, especially after reading all those dreadful articles on the internet.

7/7/2010

I hate it when I think about embarrassing moments in my past. Because of my weird personality and



And whenever I do or say something embarrassing, it bothers me forever after. A lot of them involve how I act around girls, in the rare moments when I'm actually in their vicinity. When I think about such moments I always tense up and it feels like it's poking at my mind. The only way to stop it is to forget about it, but it always comes back. I just thought of an embarrassing moment a few minutes ago, and it was very irritating.



whole year of dedication to ~~learn~~  
learn the skills to write even the  
first draft of a novel. So for now  
I'll just write the synopsis, edit  
it till it's perfect, and then I'll see  
where that goes.

Earlier this year I was  
seriously considering hiring an  
escort or prostitute to help me with  
my sexual desires. I do have very  
strong sexual desires, which put me  
in agony instead of harmony  
because I can never satisfy such  
desires. Philip was the one who  
suggested I hire a prostitute. That  
insolent little lout. I hate it when  
people view me as such a loser  
and suggest that I hire a whore,



I hate it! They pity me, that's why; they fucking pity me. That is the sickening truth.

After months of consideration I came to realize that if I do hire a prostitute to take my virginity, I will be hurt forever, because I will know that she will only be pleasuring me because I'm paying her for the service. It is a prostitutes job, and she will pleasure any client. A prostitute wouldn't want to fuck me, she will just see me as one of her many ~~duties~~ duties of her job. But that is the only way I will ever be able to have sex, isn't it? because no real girl will ever want to have sex with me and my small dick. The whole pleasure of sex would be a girl's desire for



me, it would make me feel so special, but that is something I cannot buy from a whore and can never have.

I want a beautiful girl to love me, to hold me close, to want me in her. I want her to want me more than any other person in the world. I would feel so special; it would be heavenly. Oh, how I wish for that, for love, for bliss. Other men out there have that and I don't. It's true, I've seen it. The world is not fair.

7/21/2010

Today was a weird day. I went to visit Planet Cyber for the first time in a long while. I checked up on my membership account and looked around the



place. It's been changed around a bit, but it still feels the same. It has been such a long time since I used to go there every day to play video games, back when I was 12 years old. That period was the last time I felt happiness in my life. I can remember the friends I used to hang out with there; Charlie, Johnjo, Elijah; and the games I played; such as Battlefield, Diablo II, and Warcraft III. Those games are what led me to start playing World of Warcraft, which became my life for much of my teenage years, sadly. When I went to Planet Cyber today I felt very nostalgic.



7/23/2010

My last day as an 18 year old is today. I should do something to make this day memorable. Perhaps I'll go for a walk at Serrania Park or at the hill near my home. I'll be doing a lot of hard thinking today about the tough year that's just gone by.

It's been a very emotional year, just like the one before it. These were years of brooding over my place in the world, great turning points in my life; years of sadness and pain and isolation. Yet here I am. I have endured all that hell while others are in heaven. No matter what my place in the



world is, no matter what I am,  
I am a strong creature now.

About to go to bed now.  
When I wake up tomorrow  
morning, I will officially be  
19 years old. A sad thought.  
Hopefully my sleep won't be troubled  
by my upset mood.

8/1/2010

A week has passed since  
my 19th birthday. My first week  
as a 19 year old has been a  
horrible, sad week. Oh, a sad,  
sad week. All my horrible insecurities,  
my dismal circumstances, my lowly  
position in life, my envy; all that  
and more I've had to face this past



I ask myself every day. An even more meaningful question: Will I ever find love? a soulmate? the beautiful girl of my dreams who I can make sweet, sweet love to and share my life with?

My heart and soul, my entire being cries out for such desires every day; every second of every day! I think about those who do have it... oh, I can only imagine the heaven they must be in, pleasure beyond comprehension! ~~It~~ It seems impossible for me to fulfill my dreams. Is there a possible future of happiness for me? in which I will find a lover? Do I dare hope?



1/6/2011

Over the last several months I've been playing a lot of the dreaded game World of Warcraft. I went back to playing it over the summer, at the the same time that I quit that job. Back to playing a game that took up so much time during my early and middle teenage years. Back to hiding in a virtual world because I was too frustrated with reality.

Before I started playing it again in the summer, I had spent more than a year without it. In that year though, nothing had changed; I had remained a loner after I quit the first time. Because of this, I figured I had nothing



to lose if I started playing again. I've been playing it ever since, up till now. I am glad that I've just recently quit, a second time.

I was wrong to think that I had nothing to lose in playing it. It takes up so much time - valuable time, and commitment; and for what? a false sense of empowerment, a fake reality that drew me even further from the real world. Now that I have quit - again, I can use all the time and energy I spent on my fictional world of Warcraft character to improve my real life character, me. This game will weaken me no longer! Whatever may become of me in this cruel world, whether I find my heart's



desire or not, whether I lead a happy life of love or a dreadful life of hate, I will be worth something in this world.

1/15/2011

In the past few months I've wasted a lot of time, mainly by playing video games to try and make myself forget about my troubles. I'm going to apply that time to improve myself as much as possible. I'm going to do something productive each day from now on. I don't turn twenty for another six and a half months. There is still hope for me. I must believe it.



1/17/2011

~~It's not really~~ I am extremely envious of teenagers who have sex lives. Not only that, but I am utterly bewildered by the unfairness of it all. It is very shocking, and it is very fucked up. Here I am, almost twenty years old, and still a virgin. Sex is on my mind every day, and yet I've never even kissed a girl. Other teenage males who are younger than me already have sex lives; I know, I've read about it online. They talk about sex as if it's part of everyday life. It is for them, for me it's a ~~big~~ step into heaven! I crave for it with all my being, and I've never had it.



I've never even had a taste of it. Why do other males get to experience this ultimate pleasure of life and I don't? Why can't I be them?

1/19/2011

I've just started my spring semester at Moorpark college. The previous Fall semester was uneventful, just like the Summer; nothing happened, nothing changed in my life, and I didn't learn all that much. My mother and my grandmother have agreed to pay me some money to support myself so long as I attend this community college. Therefore I don't need to get a job as of right now. So far that



seems like the only benefit I'm getting from attending Moorpark.

This is the second week of my new semester. Right now I'm sitting alone at a quiet table near the outskirts of the college. The view, I must say, is very beautiful; looking out over the hilly region of Thousand Oaks. That's the only good thing I can say about this place. Coming here has, in a way, added to my feelings of worthlessness that affect me every day. I'm a nobody here; nothing, invisible. Everyone else here, from what I've observed, at least has some friends. I've seen many couples that always make me quiver with envy. I am always all alone. No one here has ever spoken a word to



me; oh, with the exception of one person asking to borrow a pencil last semester. That's all people see me as, an object they can use, not a human being. Nevertheless, I let him borrow that pencil, because I was trying to be nice. I always try to be nice, despite the way society treats me. I'm a nice and generous person, and I never get any reward for it.

My break is almost over. My next class is starting soon, which is psychology. I'm going to sit in that class, listen to the lecture, and then drive home. An exact replica of every day I've spent at this college.

Just got back home from class. Today was a horrible day. In my



History class I couldn't help ~~the~~ admiring this attractive girl sitting in front of me. She was very hot. Then, at one moment, she looked over her shoulder and caught me checking her out. She then looked at me with utter indignation.

She was indignant at the prospect of me finding her attractive! As if I'm some kind of lesser creature who isn't worthy of even looking at her! It seems this is how all females view me. I don't deserve this hostility and rejection from humanity. Why can't I fit in with humanity? Am I not human? My whole existence seems like a joke, a mockery of life.

There are so many attractive



girls at my school. It's unbelievable. I wish I could ~~have~~ have a chance with one of them, but no girl has ever noticed me. I don't want to think about the dreaded fact that other men have possibly made love to those girls. How much I envy the men who had that opportunity!

OK, I'm getting too upset right now. I really shouldn't be focusing on this problem! It's only day 19 of the new year. I am counting down the days until my 20th birthday. I still have around 200 days left as a teenager! I should focus on improving myself and try to find a way to success, quickly.



I'm panicking right now. I'm scared that I'm doomed to forever be a virgin with no love in my life. I am so scared. If I can't lose my virginity in the next 200 days then it's hopeless. I just need to try! I must exert myself as much as I can, yes yes. If I go out of my mother's apartment every single day, for hours, whether it's the bookstore, or college, or the mall; maybe, just maybe, I'll find a girlfriend who will love me for who I am? I really don't know. I'm on the verge of a breakdown right now. I must do something though! How the hell do all those high schoolers manage



to do it? I don't understand. I still have a bit of time. It's not too late, is it? There is still hope for me, isn't there? Alright, I'm going to start pushing myself from tomorrow onwards. Tomorrow I'm going to leave the house and not come back until nighttime. I'm also going to think hard every day about ways to become successful. What about that story I was planning to write? Perhaps that is my way to success. I stopped working on that last summer. I think it's time to resume it. ~~It's time to resume it.~~ ~~It's time to resume it.~~ ~~It's time to resume it.~~ ~~It's time to resume it.~~ ~~It's time to resume it.~~ ~~It's time to resume it.~~ I know I can do this! I must believe I can. Positive thinking, positive thinking!



1/20/2011

My relationship with my father has greatly improved lately. Over the past year we've had many arguments and disagreements, mostly having to do with my step-mother, Soumaya. When grandma Jinx came from England to visit in October, we all sat down and talked things through. I'm glad that happened, for we resolved many issues and agreed to start again. I am still very disappointed with him though; I think he is a despicable father who doesn't care at all about the problems I'm facing in life. I'm going to overlook this though, because nothing I do or say will change him. He is who he is.



I enjoy being on speaking terms with him again, and being part of his family again.

I've been going to my father's house for dinner often in the past couple months. I especially like seeing my five year old little half-brother, Jazz. He makes me feel good about myself. The boy really looks up to me.

This is the most important period of my life. I have the power to change my life for the better. I must believe that my desires will come true. I will believe it!

~~I~~ I have just started reading this shockingly magnificent book



called The Secret. I am so emotionally touched by this book. I almost cried with joy and renewed hope. The book teaches me that I can have all the things I want from life by thinking positively and ~~and~~ applying the Law of Attraction. I'm a skeptic person, but I am so desperate for love and joy and happiness and sex that I am going to believe EVERYTHING this book has to teach, and I'm going to apply it to the fullest! I'm only a couple chapters into this life-changing book and I'm already feeling so hopeful. I can't wait to read more of it.



1/21/2011

I'm starting to work on thinking and feeling positive about myself. If I stop feeling worthless, then the Law of Attraction will take away all the bad things in my life that make me feel worthless. If I feel worthy of sex and love, then the Law of Attraction will provide me with sex and love.

Today I went on a long walk to my father's house. As I walked tried to love and appreciate everything around me. I reflected back on all the things that have happened to me in the past and realized that perhaps they were all the product of negative thinking. I



must start thinking positively! I must love myself instead of hate myself. I did all the mental exercises that this great book, The Secret, has taught me and I'm already feeling better about myself. I haven't finished the book yet, but I'm reading it aloud and taking in every word.

When I got to my father's house I took the dog, Lucky, with me as I walked up the hill in our neighborhood. I've walked this route many times in my past, and in all those times I was feeling downtrodden, rejected, and sad. This was the first time I've walked up this hill while feeling positive and hopeful.



1/22/2011

My Karate class yesterday was productive. I'm still a beginner, but yesterday I noticed that I'm starting to really get the hang of it. It's an interesting fighting style to learn. A few weeks ago, when I went to my first Karate class, I figured I would just try it out to see what it's like and then stop. Now I think I'm going to keep learning it. The ability to fight better is power, and a major confidence boost. I've observed the sheer amount of confidence and courage that my friend James has developed after taking this same class for a year. It is incredible. When we were sitting in a fast



food restaurant in the Palisades the other day, I asked him if he believed he could single-handedly take on these three high school jocks sitting at another table. He actually believed, without a doubt, that he could beat all three at the same time! Now that is the kind of confidence I hope to attain from taking Karate.

1/23/2011

The book, The Secret, has truly enlightened me. It has taught me to believe that I can have all that I want, and by doing so I will receive everything I want... Fulfill all my desires. This is it! The great turning point. This is



the time to change my life for the better. I deserve to have all my desires fulfilled. I will have all my desires fulfilled. I will have everything I want:... sex, love, wealth, worth... everything I've ever dreamed of having will now be my life, because I believe I can have it! The Universe will deliver it to me. I KNOW it, and that's what will make me GET it.

1/24/2011

I'm at my college right now, in between classes. I'm noticing improvement in myself in regards to how I mentally deal with situations at my college. After reading The Secret, I now know that I will receive everything I desire by



focusing all my thoughts on it. I'm no longer going to bother myself by envying other people around me. I'm soon going to have a better life than any of those fools. I'll attract more to me by using the Law of Attraction, more than any of them have ever had. One hundred million times more. I will have more wealth than them. I will have a more pleasurable sex life than them. I will have everything I desire and more by using the Law of Attraction. I know about the Law of Attraction, and other people my age don't.

I have utter faith in the Law of Attraction now. I believe in it with all my heart. I know it is true. It explains everything. Why there



rich people and poor people; why the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. It's all from the power of thought. Rich people think and know they are rich, therefore they attract being rich and can only get richer. The poor people who think of themselves as poor and believe that they are doomed to be miserable for the rest of their lives will only attract that miserable life.

It could be the explanation for why my life has been horrible and why so many people have had better lives than me. It's because I've always thought negatively. I've always thought of myself as miserable and doomed to misery. I've always thought of myself as a loser and of others as winners. My thoughts have manifested into reality, haven't



They? That has to be the explanation!  
That has to be the reason why I have  
suffered in bitter loneliness while other  
teenagers have had a good time. I have  
unwittingly been using the Law of  
Attraction in a negative way while  
other teenagers have been unwittingly  
been using the Law of Attraction in a  
positive way. Oh, what a fool I have  
been. Now is the time to change.

1/25/2011

It's been five days since I  
started reading The Secret. I've  
read through the whole thing aloud  
and now I'm in the process of  
reading it again. Every day I am  
absorbing it into my mind, totally  
changing the way I think. I am



training my mind to use all of the book's teachings. I do this intensely, especially when I go on long walks by myself, which I call "therapy walks". I used to go on such walks many times in the past, in an attempt to calm myself from my anger at being an outcast. Now I walk with a much more hopeful air. I now know that a happy future is possible for me.

1/26/2011

I faced an obstacle today. In my last class I got extremely envious of a couple sitting in front of me. Well, I only feel envious towards the male of course, and hatred towards the girl for being with him. This is a



horrifying obstacle. It can and will lead to very negative ~~thoughts~~ thoughts. I cannot let myself be afflicted by negative thoughts. That will ruin the Law of Attraction plan! If I stop the negative thinking, then perhaps all the situations and circumstances that lead to negative thinking will go away, vanish forever. I need to think and feel positive about myself. I need to believe that one day, and that day soon, I will ~~have~~ have a much more attractive girlfriend than that guy in my ~~class~~ class has. I will! I know it! I have to believe it! As The Secret states: my thoughts will manifest into reality.

I'm going to do something



out of the ordinary today. After my next class I'm going to drive all the way to Malibu and sit on the beach. There I will read the entire book of The Secret again. Once my mind is further infused with its wonderful teachings of the Law of Attraction, I will watch the sun set on the beach, and focus with all my thought and feeling on the life I want. The life I will have.

2/6/2011

It's already February. Time has gone by pretty fast in the last several days. Last week I got depressed due to my intense skepticism of the Law of Attraction and a feeling



of sudden helplessness, of not knowing which path to take or where to go. I can barely sleep at night, and sometimes I cry with emotion and longing, soaking my pillow with tears.

This is the most important period of my life, the great turning point. My decisions now will deeply affect my future. I need to act fast. I need to find a plan that will bring me great wealth, which will in turn bring me happiness, love, and sex. I need to become a winner and make up for the ~~lonely~~ loneliness and isolation I've suffered from all throughout my teen years.

The problem is: What am I to



do? what can I do? and how  
am I going to do it?

2/9/2011

It is the 40th day of the  
New Year. What have I accomplished  
so far? I've read a few insightful  
books, I've learned about the Law  
of Attraction, I've started applying  
positive thinking to my daily life,  
I've done a lot of introspective  
thinking... but I'm still the same  
person; I'm still a lonely virgin.  
I certainly don't feel like I've  
gotten anywhere close to attaining  
the life I want, the life I see  
so many other teenagers living.  
Perhaps I need to work harder.  
Perhaps I need to stop wasting



time and use every second of each day towards the goal of fulfilling my desires.

It's been over a month since I quit World of Warcraft (for the final time). Yesterday I uninstalled all the video games from my laptop, which consisted of World of Warcraft, Warcraft III, and Starcraft II. I'm also going to pack up all the game boxes, including all the Xbox 360 game boxes, and tuck them in my closet. Video games will no longer waste my time. I have vowed that I will not play any video games until after I have lived a very satisfying life full of sex and love. The only instance in which I would break that vow is if I



give up all hope. I do not want to think about that. My mind will NOT go there! It will not happen. This hope... it will drive me to happiness.

This is it. This period of my life is the most important, the most crucial. This is the time to act. I am going to dedicate every single day, every single second of every day, to becoming successful and fulfilling those delicious desires of mine. The reward is so ~~so~~ sweet... the love... the sex... I could one day be on top of all ~~those~~ ~~the~~ the people I envy, all the people who have slighted me! Leo, Addison, Jeffrey Bloeser, Roy, Justin, and all the rest... One day I could be



in a better position than them!  
I will make up for all the slights.  
The day could be soon, so very  
soon. I just need to get rid of  
my doubts and truly believe in  
myself, just like the Law of  
Attraction is teaching me.

I got my new DVD of The  
Secret in the mail. I will be  
watching it every day, or every  
other day, so that it will further  
help me on my road to success.  
My parents don't really believe in the  
concept of the Law of Attraction, and  
I've read people's opinions of it  
online. Many people think it's bullshit.  
I must say I am a bit skeptical  
myself. I've always been skeptical



about things. For the Law of Attraction though, I'm going to throw away all skepticism, all doubt, and truly believe that it's real. I won't let other people stop me. I will cling to this concept like a drowning man clings to a floating log. In truth, that's a very accurate analogy. I will believe in this concept because I am so, so desperate. Who knows? It could actually work! By using the Law of Attraction I could attain that happy life I want. It could be the key to love and sex.

College today was a challenge. An emotional challenge. The young lovers that I see there always put me in a foul mood. How will I



deal with this? Next time I just won't look at them. I won't pay any attention to them. Instead, I will focus on my goal and what I will be. My goal will come into fruition; I will soon live a more pleasurable life than them. I will focus on the pleasure I will have once I've risen above them.

The film of The Secret is phenomenal. I'm watching it right now. I feel like all the doctors and psychologists presented in the film are talking directly to me, guiding me towards a happy life.

2/10/2011

I won't forget those horrible



Words Addison Altendorf said to me last year. "No girl in this whole world will ever want to fuck you unless they are drunk." It was the worst insult anyone has ever said to me. One of the cruelest slights. I hated him for it. I still hate him now; I will always hate him. When he said those mean words to me, I believed him, because of my circumstances and my status as a lonely virgin.

Thinking back on it now, I realize how insecure I am. Why would I give him that power? He was just saying it to hurt me, and I let him. He doesn't think for the entire female population! I'm going to prove him wrong. I will prove



him very, very wrong.

2/12/2011

Karate class yesterday was spectacular. I'm really improving and becoming a better fighter. I especially love sparring against the other members; it's invigorating. My inner rage helps me tremendously when I fight.

2/18/2011

The pills my doctor prescribed me recently to treat social anxiety have been a disaster. I gave up on them. The side ~~effects~~ effects make me too drowsy and tired and they give me headaches. Looks like I would have to rely entirely on my



mind and positive thinking to overcome my shyness.

Today I went to the bookstore Barnes and Noble. I go there often these days. I'm trying to gain as much knowledge as I can to help me on my path to success.

I always sit by the window when I read books there, it gives a good view of the Calabasas Commons and the mountains on the horizon. The Calabasas Commons are always full of people I envy, for example rich teenagers, so when they come into view I just move my chair further in the store by a few inches so that I don't see the sight. Then I concentrate on the



book I'm reading and think about the success I will have. I will make up for everything, I promise myself.

2/19/2011

This whole concept of "The Secret" and the law of attraction that I've been studying seems so far-fetched. I felt so excited and hopeful when I first read about it, though I'm still a bit skeptical and doubtful. I don't want to be doubtful. I want to believe in it! I want ~~to believe~~ to believe that I can attract the life I so desire. I want to feel worthy of such a life. I ~~think~~ ~~think~~ thinking believing in the law of attraction is my only hope right now.



2/21/2011

My unsatisfied sexual desires torture me every day! It is so hard to bear. I even have difficulty sleeping at night because of it. My great desire to make love is so strong, so unyielding. For the last six years I've been longing for sex and pleasure so desperately, and I was never able to attain it. Six years gone, six years wasted! Six years I will never get back. But, that doesn't mean I can't make up for it in the future.

I can only dream and imagine what it would feel like to make love to a beautiful girl. Oh, the ultimate euphoria! The perfect



heaven! I fantasize about it daily...  
a beautiful girl lying before me,  
looking up at me with love and lust,  
begging me to pleasure her... I  
imagine myself licking all her sensitive  
spots, driving her wild with ecstasy.  
The taste must be amazing... and  
then the thought of penetrating her  
with my erect penis while she runs  
her hands all over my body and kisses  
~~me~~ me... ahh, pure bliss! I  
could go on and on.

The thought that other teenagers,  
even those younger than me, get  
to experience such pleasure makes  
me feel so angry and envious. I  
deserve it too! Am I not human  
like the rest of them? Sexual envy  
has been my life for so long and



it's pathetic. I really need to stop this now. I need to fulfill my desires and make up for what I've lost out on. I've thought of giving up so many times, of accepting a fate of celibate hell. Now I realize, through positive thinking, that there are still possibilities for me! I'm only nineteen. There's still chance for me to have lots of sex in the future and make up for lost time. The revelation fills me with excitement.

2/23/2011

College went ok today. I practiced concentrating on myself and my goals instead of the success of others. As I walked through the campus I gazed at the beauty of the environment.



the trees, the gardens, the mountains in the distance, and that helped me calm my anxious mind. I wasn't bothered by the sight of any lovers today. I didn't notice any at all. This is an ~~improvement~~ improvement for me.

Even though I didn't ~~see~~ see any couples at college today, I ~~felt~~ felt very lonely. I always feel lonely because I'm always alone. When I got home and entered my lonely room, I almost sank into yet another depression. I can't let all this bring me down.

2/24/2011

Today is day 55 of the new year. I think I'm making some progress. I now make better use of my time



than ever before and I'm strengthening my character and focus.

Despite my recent progress, I still worry every day about what I could possibly do to reach fulfillment. I still don't know. I have goals, but no organized plans for accomplishing them. Each day I search my mind for ways. Could I write the brilliant epic story that I've been formulating in my mind? I've toyed with the idea so many times, but the prospect seems so daunting. I've tried to write a few stories in the past, but it always turns out so mediocre.

3/3/2011

A great shame of mine is the fact that I'm still living in my



mother's apartment. I want to leave so badly but I have no where else to go. I can't live at my father's house because his bitch of a wife will never allow it. People probably look down at me because I still live with my mother, but what the hell am I supposed to do? The only way I can move out is if I get my own residence and the only way to do that is to get money. I'm not privileged like all those assholes in universities who get to live in dorms/fraternities because their parents pay for it.

Money. All my goals and dreams can only be fulfilled through the acquisition of money. That is my ultimate ~~plan~~ goal, to become very



wealthy so that I can make up for the six, almost seven, years I lost in my teens and to rise above all the horrible scoundrels who slighted and belittled me in life. Even though I plan to become wealthy, I still need to do something now that will get me some immediate cash. I need some initial money to get myself started.

Living in my mother's apartment is extremely counterproductive. It's depressing, aggravating, and people view me as a loser because of it. Girls won't have sex with a nineteen-year old loser living in his mother's apartment; and I have to lose my virginity before I turn twenty or else I will feel so defeated... I don't



even want to imagine...

I often feel a sense of injustice at the fact that younger teenagers are able to have sex and still live with their parents because they are younger and don't need to live on their own to be attractive. I'm older than them so it should be easier, not harder, for me to get laid! It is so unfair. They also have the advantage of being in high school, which is a much more social environment than this detestable community college I go to called Moorpark.

I need to move out of my mother's apartment by all means, and fast! How? I refuse to work a low-life labor job, especially after my experiences last summer. It would be



a terribly lethal blow to my self-esteem, which is already weak to begin with. Even if I did work such a job, the pitiful income it would provide will fail to pay for even a one-bedroom apartment.

How else am I to acquire fast money though? besides playing the lottery and trying to use the law of attraction to win? I really don't know. I don't have any other means right now. But, I do have a mind, and with a mind I can think of ways. I better think fast.

3/4/2011

Today is the birthday of my little half-brother, Jazz. I just went to the Target store in West



Hills to buy his present, a Star Wars action figure. I hope he likes it. The boy is six years old now and growing fast. I've been paying great attention to his personal growth throughout his life, trying to get an idea of what kind of person the boy will become.

This past week has been unfortunately fruitless to my eventual success due to an abhorrent cold and cough I've contracted. I had to get a lot of sleep during the day because my cough kept me up at night. I was too weak to go to the gym to lift weights, an activity that I'm really trying to focus on at this point in my life in



order to look more muscular and thus more attractive to girls. I also spent way too much time masturbating this week, something I really need to cut down on so that I can build up more energy and drive in me. Masturbating depresses me too, because ~~I~~ I realize how pathetic I must be by doing it... imaginarily stimulating ~~myself~~ myself while other teenagers get to experience the real thing. Very detrimental to my success. Overall, this week has been a disastrous waste of time. I'm glad this cold is starting to fade away, though I'm still coughing every couple of minutes which is very annoying.



3/6/2011

I had a dismal walk at Serrania Park today. I could imagine what the other people there must have thought, seeing an odd teenager walking alone aimlessly through the grass with his head down. They must have thought I was an absolute freak. Everyone at the park was with someone else, and I was all alone.

I had a lot on my mind as I strolled through the park without direction. I was feeling hopelessly frustrated with myself and society. My desire is to be desired. I don't know how I can get a beautiful girl to fall in love with me. I'm not the kind of guy that girls are attracted to. I'm a nice guy



and I want to treat girls with love and care, but it seems like they will never give me a chance. It seems that girls are only attracted to complete jerks. Every time I see a hot girl with a boyfriend, the guy looks like a total asshole. I am shocked and offended ~~by~~ by how such beauty can be violated.

As I sat on a lonely bench at Serrania Park I mulled over all of my frustrations. I tried to cheer myself up by looking at the different colors of the trees and the pretty flowers, but my inner turmoil became too much to bear. When I arrived home I broke down and cried.

Two days ago I had a memorable



experience that affected me deeply, though the incident itself was so small it would seem trivial to anyone else. It happened when I went to King's restaurant with my family for dinner. While we were waiting to be seated, a girl who was also waiting actually looked at me, and I don't know what to make of it. She looked at me! Our eyes actually met! That is the first time a teenage girl has acknowledged my presence; usually they treat me like I'm invisible. She was there with her friends; another girl and a guy. I was very jealous of the guy and got very pumped up with anger. I felt like picking a fight with him, but thought better of it and stepped outside to calm down. I



Kept thinking of the girl who looked at me. Did she look at me because she thought I was weird? or... I wonder... Did she maybe think I was attractive? Was that it? Was a girl really attracted to me? I hope so! The possibility that she could have thought of me as attractive makes me feel so elated. Then again, I don't know how she felt about me or what the look meant, which is frustrating.

3/7/2011

There are so many beautiful girls in the world! It amazes me to no end! Life ~~is~~ would be meaningless and dull if I cannot have their company, their attention, their lust,



their love! It is not too late. They won't disappear! They don't even know I exist right now, but that doesn't mean it will always be this way.

I have the power to shape my future.

I have my whole future ahead of me to enjoy the pleasures of beautiful girls.

3/9/2011

Intense frustration has been plaguing me recently. This is because of my sexual frustration. I feel so stuck and lost. How am I ever going to get a girl to want me? I must stay strong! I cannot let my frustrations consume me! I've been thinking too many negative thoughts, and that will only decrease my chances of having sex. Must think positively!



3/16/2011

This diary is now at its end. This is my first diary. I remember starting this more than a year ago, back in 2009; but I tore out and discarded the 2009 pages because they were too full of anger and hate, a part of me I want to banish and leave in the past. My constant frustrations have recently been threatening to make me regress back to previous, hateful ways of thinking. I can't let that happen. That is defeat. I'm trying to remain hopeful and positive that things will work out for me. I hope with all my heart that the pages of my next diary will be filled with lovely experiences and good times.